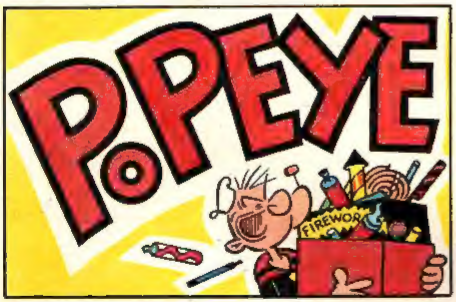
TV COMIC 6D

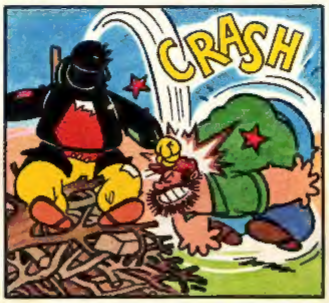
FOR TV FAVOURITES

Every Monday | Week Ending 7th November, 1964 | Number 673

POPEYE



HALLO, LITTLE CHAP... PLEASE SPARE A FEW COPPERS FOR A POOR OLD LADY WHO HASN'T EATEN FOR DAYS AND DAYS!
SOB! OF COURSE, YOU TAKE THIS MONEY, YOU NEED IT MORE THAN ME!

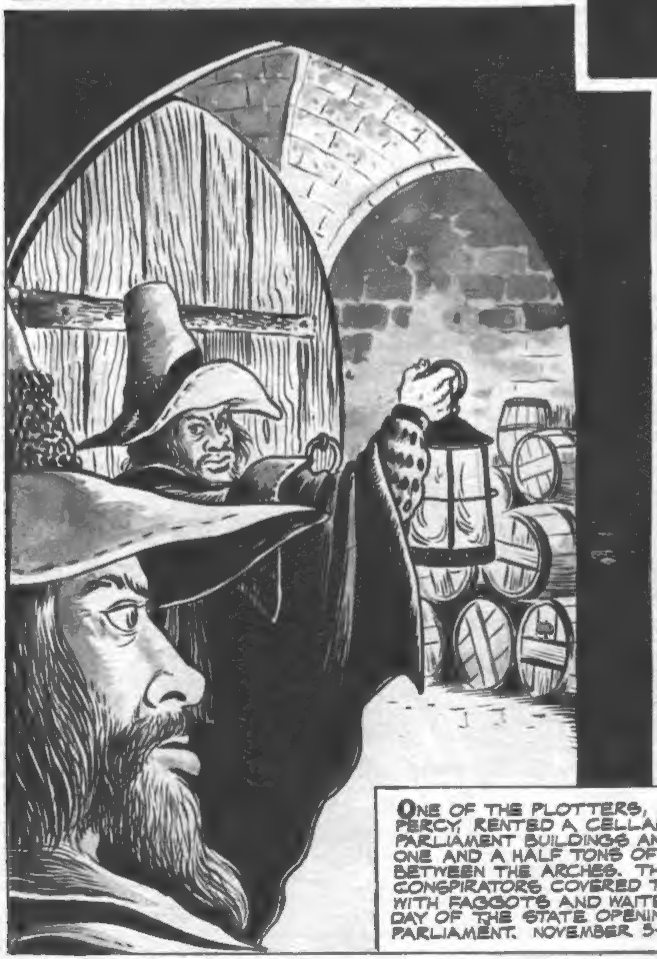


Guy Fawkes

PLEASE TO REMEMBER THE 5TH OF NOVEMBER, GUNPOWDER, TREASON AND PLOT. I SEE NO REASON WHY GUNPOWDER & TREASON SHOULD EVER BE FORGOT.

PROBABLY THE ONLY SCHOOL IN ENGLAND WHERE BONFIRE NIGHT IS NOT CELEBRATED IS ST. PETER'S, YORK. FOR, THE MAIN HISTORICAL FIGURE OF THE GUNPOWDER PLOT, GUY FAWKES, IS ONE OF THE SCHOOL'S OLD BOYS.

FAWKES, WAS A SOLDIER IN THE WARS IN FLANDERS WHERE HE LEARNT ABOUT EXPLOSIVES. ON RETURNING TO ENGLAND, HE FELL-IN WITH ONE OF THE MANY GROUPS PLOTTING AGAINST KING JAMES 1 AND PARLIAMENT.



ONE OF THE PLOTTERS, A MAN NAMED PERCY, RENTED A CELLAR UNDER PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS AND STORED ONE AND A HALF TONS OF EXPLOSIVE BETWEEN THE ARCHES. THEN THE CONSPIRATORS COVERED THE GUNPOWDER WITH FAGGOTS AND WAITED FOR THE DAY OF THE STATE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT. NOVEMBER 5TH. 1605.

AS TIME DREW NEAR, ONE OF THE CONSPIRATORS DECIDED TO WARN LORD MONTEAGLE TO STAY AWAY FROM THE STATE OPENING. BUT WHEN THE WARNING MESSAGE ARRIVED AT MONTEAGLE'S HOUSE, THERE WAS NO GREETING OF THANKS.

LOYAL MONTEAGLE LOST NO TIME IN WARNING KING JAMES OF THE PLOT.

THE TRAP WAS SET, AND, ON THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER 4TH. GUY FAWKES WAS CAUGHT IN THE CELLAR WITH THE GUNPOWDER ALREADY FUSED. FULL OF RELIEF, THE NEWLY ASSEMBLED PARLIAMENT DECREED THAT NOVEMBER 5TH. SHOULD BE A NATIONAL HOLIDAY FOREVER. BUT, EVEN WITH GUY FAWKES IN PRISON, IT WAS NOT UNTIL JANUARY 31ST. 1606, THAT FIVE OF THE CONSPIRATORS PAID THE PRICE FOR TREASON.

NEVILL MAWS

Starting next week in TV Comic

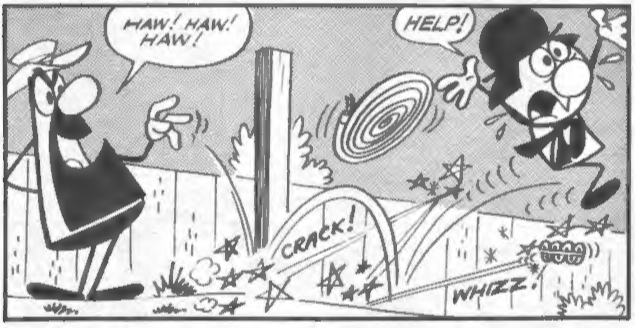
DOCTOR WHO

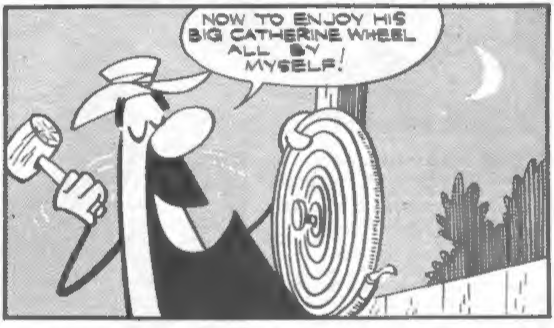
don't miss next week's action-packed picture story!

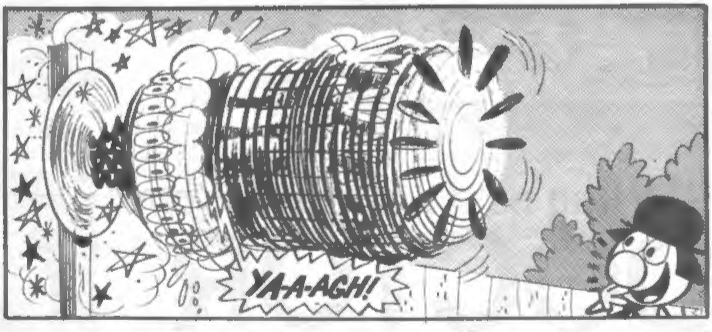
© BBC tv 1964

Foo Foo and GOGO

by Halas & Batchelor



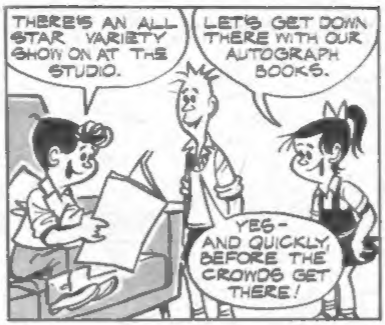


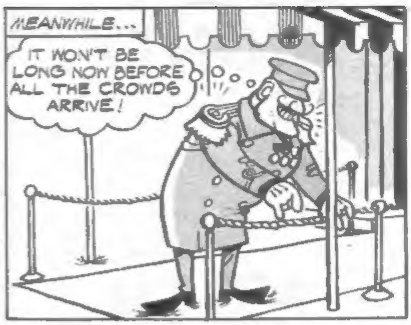


Adapted from ABC Television's series "Foo Foo"

More Foo Foo fun in TV COMIC ANNUAL!

TV TERRORS

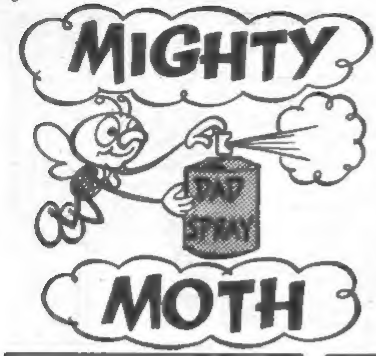

THERE'S AN ALL STAR VARIETY SHOW ON AT THE STUDIO.
LET'S GET DOWN THERE WITH OUR AUTOGRAPH BOOKS.
YES - AND QUICKLY, BEFORE THE CROWDS GET THERE!

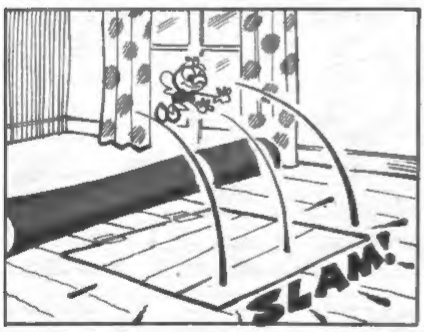


HALLO, HOPPIT. YOU'RE LOOKING VERY SMART!
DON'T LET THIS OUTFIT FOOL YOU. I'M LIKE AN UNEXPLODED BOMB - I MAY LOOK HARMLESS, BUT UNDERNEATH...

Next week, Monica out-ruggers a rugby team!

MIGHTY MOTH

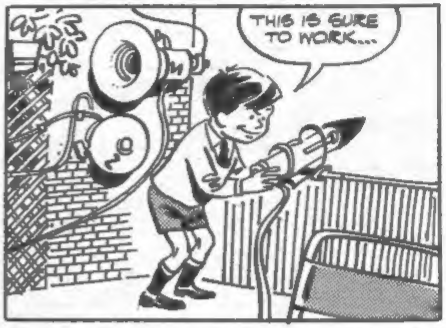


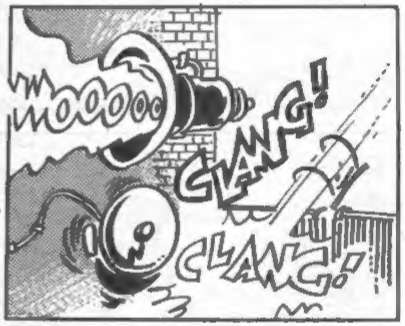


Next week, Dad breaks up the happy home!

THE DICKIE HENDERSON FAMILY

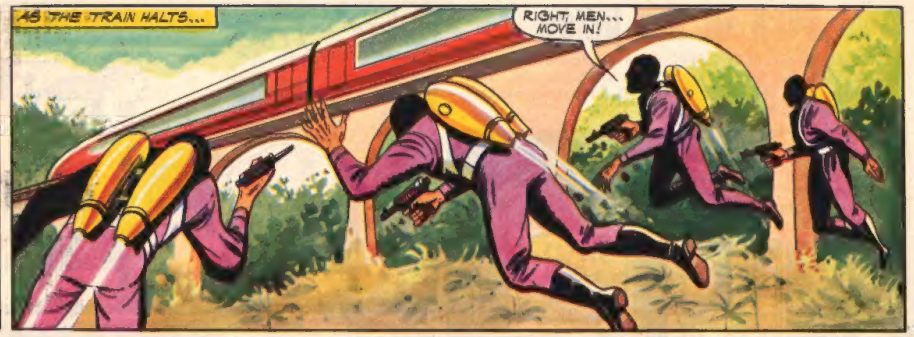
BUT, DICKIE, WE HAVE AN ALARM CLOCK!
SO WHAT? IF WE HAD FIFTY ALARM CLOCKS THEY WOULD NOT WAKE ME... YOU KNOW WHAT A HEAVY SLEEPER I AM.





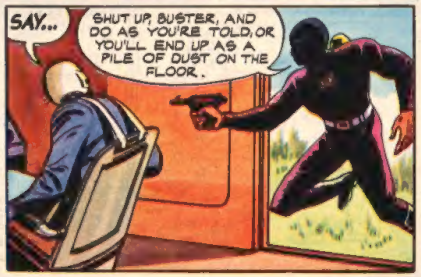
Based on the Rediffusion Television series "The Dickie Henderson Show"

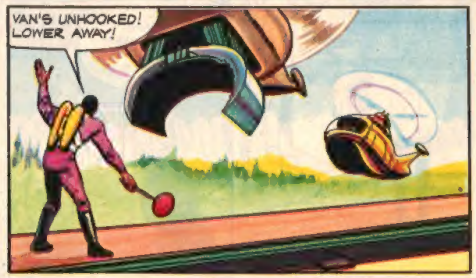
Next week, Jack makes Dickie crackers!



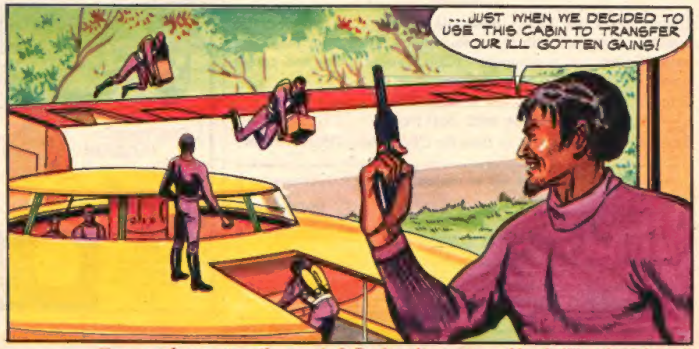
SPACE PATROL

by ROBERTA LEIGH





MARLA! GET LARRY DART ON THE VISION PHONE. I BELIEVE HE AND SLIM ARE FISHING IN THE ROCKIES!
I HAVE THEIR ADDRESS, COLONEL RAEBURN!

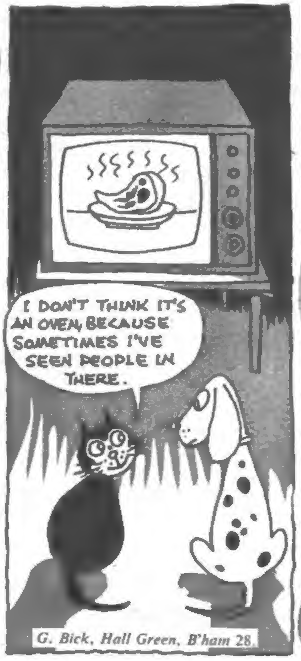


How can Larry stop the crooks? Don't miss next week's thrilling instalment!

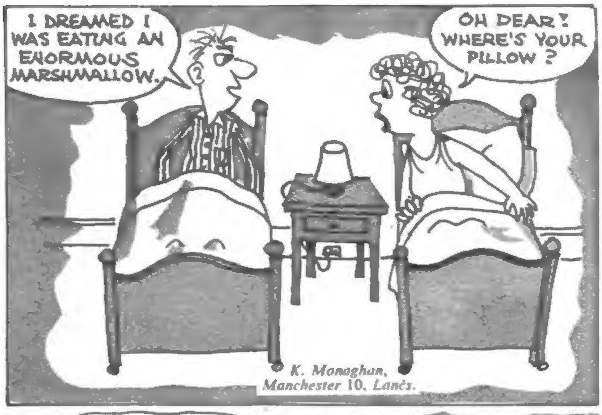
Pick of the Jokes

Win a £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to: The Editor, TV COMIC, TV Publications Ltd., 37/39 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

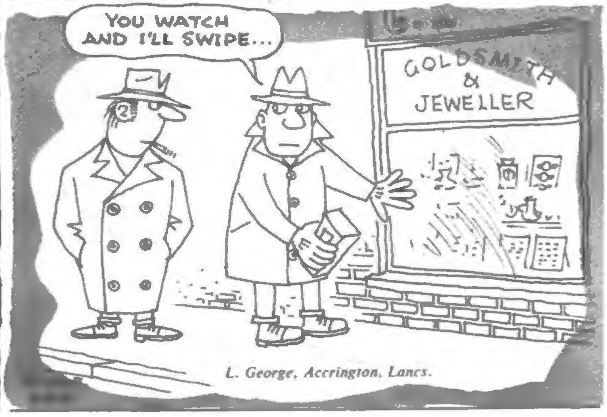
J. Griffiths, Ebbw Vale, Mon.



G. Bick, Hall Green, B'ham 28.



K. Monaghan, Manchester 10, Lancs.



L. George, Accrington, Lancs.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES FOR JOLLY TIMES!

Giving times are happy times. Make the children—and the family—contented with these four-piece, full colour breakfast sets "Noddy and his friends". (Cup, saucer, plate and cereal bowl.) "POPEYE" sets available too.

Price ... **12/6** for one set, postage 2/6.
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Be sure to get your sets in time for Christmas—ORDER NOW!

Please send me breakfast sets as marked. I enclose P.O./Cheque for .....
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AUSTIN 1800
THE LATEST MODEL
By arrangement with B.M.C.

IT'S NEW! IT'S FAB! Get one from your SPOT-ON shop today!

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SPOT-ON SCALE MODEL TOYS
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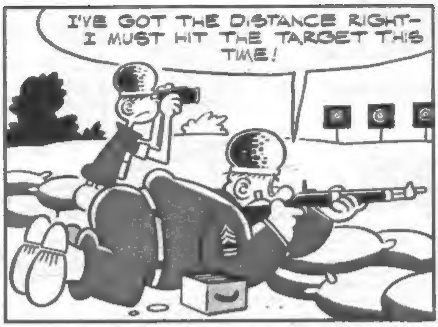
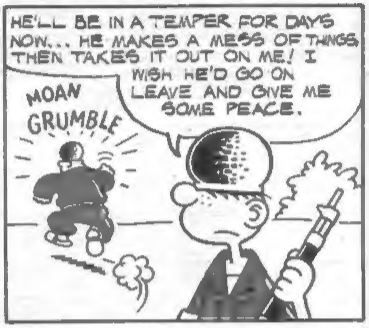
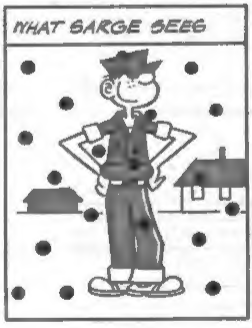
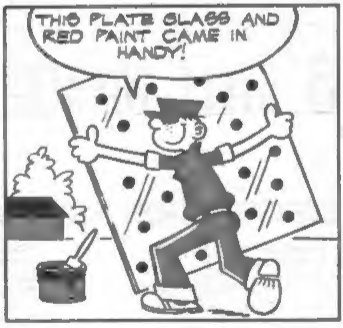
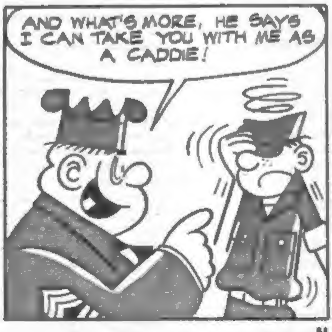
BEETLE BAILEY




HE'LL BE IN A TEMPER FOR DAYS NOW... HE MAKES A MESS OF THINGS, THEN TAKES IT OUT ON ME! I WISH HE'D GO ON LEAVE AND GIVE ME SOME PEACE.
MOAN
GRUMBLE







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Next week, Bailey comes unstuck on a transfer!

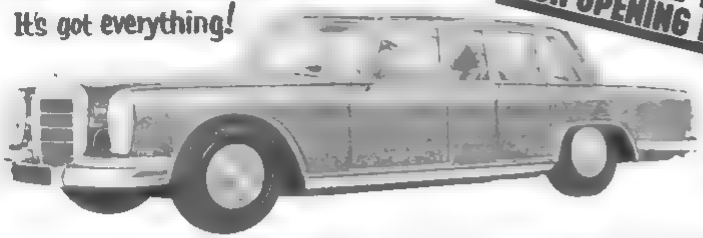
NEW DINKY MODELS

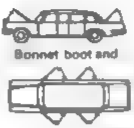
TWO CRACKERS FOR CHRISTMAS!

The fabulous MERCEDES-BENZ 600

It's got everything!

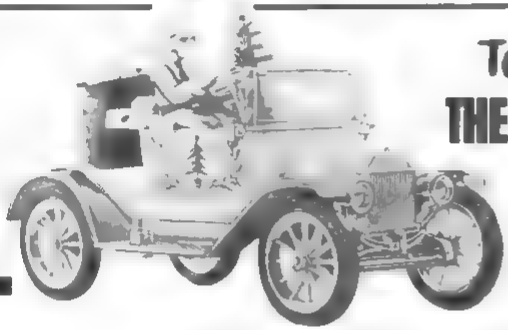
FIRST-TIME EVER! FOUR OPENING DOORS





Bonnet boot and all four doors open

Sweep down the autobahn in the majestic Mercedes—pride of German cars and of your collection too! This luxurious 7/8-seater limousine has a uniformed chauffeur at the wheel and two passengers. Bonnet, boot and all four doors open ● 'Windscreen wipers' ● Detailed engine ● Prestomatic steering ● All round suspension ● 'Special' headlights ● Carmine bodywith 'Chrome' plated front and rear bumpers.
Model No.128. Length 5¼"
Price **14/11**



Top of the tree! THE SANTA SPECIAL MODEL T FORD

Send Santa speeding on his rounds with this wonderful Christmas version of the famous Model T Ford Santa sits at the wheel ● Christmas tree by his side ● Sack of gifts on the back ● Excitingly detailed with 'brass' lamps ● Radiator ● Windscreen ● Starting handle and gay Christmas decorations.
Model No.485 Length 3¼"
Price **9/11**

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Precision-engineered by Meccano Limited

ELKES BISCUITS "DO YOU KNOW?" COMPETITION WINNERS

6 CYCLE WINNERS

1st PRIZE WINNERS

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C. Kay, London, E.1.
Nicholas Patne, Bournemouth.
S. Hasson, Liverpool, 7.
Irene Tungate, Carlton, Notts.
Elizabeth Mason, Barlaston, Stoke-on-Trent.

CONSOLATION PRIZE WINNERS:

P Casson, Liverpool, 8
J G Evans, Darlington.
R D Blackburn, Cheltenham.
Susan A. Currie, Crosby, Liverpool.
Kathleen Dickson, Northampton.
W. J. Olesnik, Leeds.
Susan Hammond, Chelmsford.
Gillian Shaw, Papplewick, Notts.
Ann Turner Newport, Essex
Anthony J Reese, Eastcote, Pinner
Stephen Mmmington, Colchester
Peter J. Dunmsck, Earley, Berks.
Jennifer Musk, Swanmthorpe, Norfolk
Stephen Pearce, Stevenage.
Paul Morris, Lytchett Matravers, Dorset.
Ian Shaw, Papplewick, Notts.
Pauline J Rex, Norwich.
Gwendoline Hudson, Newborough, Burton-on-Trent
Carole Jennings, Leek.
David Higson, Longton, Stoke-on-Trent.
Jennifer Hammond, Chelmsford.
Ian Stewart, Roslston, Burton-on-Trent.
Clayton Cox, Norwood Junction, S.E.25
David Batley, Leeds, 13.
Brian Farrow, Weston Rhyn, Salop.
Heather Kilburn, Stockton Heath, Lancs.
Brenda K Brown, Buckland Brewer, Devon
Stephen Gardmer, Tottenham, N.17
Tony Stenton, Bramhall, Cheshire
Kathleen Ray, Whitburn, Co. Durham.
Terence Adams, Newcastle, Staffs.
Simon Payne, Landport, Portsmouth.
Eleanor Jarratt, Congleton, Cheshire
Hilary Foster, Longsight, Manchester
Ronald Bennett, Lewes, Sussex.
Keith Hodgson, Great Crosby, Liverpool
W R. Preston, Shirley, Warwickshire
Anne Newstead, Bury St Edmunds.
Anne Wilton, Hasham, Bristol.
Pauline Wallace, Wheatley, Doncaster
Caroline Buck, Burnley
Ian C Boulton, Rugeley, Staffs.
Gillian Hammond, Chelmsford.
Paul Rigby, Cansock, Staffs.
Anthony McNally, Hough Green, Widnes,
Ian Wongaspilhgetray Doncaster. Lancs.
Margaret Ray, Whitburn, Co. Durham.
Charmaine Lunes, Penkridge, Staffs.
Trevor Battes, New Longton, Lancs.
J. Mawson, Kettlethorpe, Yorks.
Frances Faulfade, Harold Hill, Essex
Jeanette Macdonald, Basildon, Essex
J. Formby, Ford, Liverpool.
Janet Sabon, Coventry.
Annette O'Neil, Stafford.
Anne Henshaw, Langwith, Mansfield.
Michael Wigg, Petersfield, Hants.
G. R. Smith, Overton, Warrington.
Pamela Staples, Headington, Oxford
Linda Fromby, Liverpool, 21
Linda Rees, Brecon, S. Wales.
Patricia Thompson, Neville's Cross, Durham.
David Newstead, Bury St Edmunds.
Belinda Treat, Harlington, Middx.
Clive Atkins, Brighton, Sussex.
F. Stratton, Whickham, Newcastle-on-Tyne
Lee Bamber, Elm, Cambs.
Robert Brown, W Kilburn, N.W.6.
Gail McVey, Filey, Yorks.
Denise Walker, Shoreham-by-Sea, Sussex
Marjorie Roberts, Sholing, Southampton.
Alison Schuler, Newton Aycliffe, Co. Durham.
David Fletcher, Ford, Sunderland.
D. Chapman, St. Austell, Cornwall.
Roderick Johnson, Nuneaton, Warwickshire.
Pat Beardall, Little Hulton, Manchester
Wendy Greenard, Ipswich.
Sylvia Leech, Shadoxhurst, Kent
Michael Brown, Stevenage, Herts.
Eileen Newstead, Bury St Edmunds.
Ian DuBey, Shotley Bridge, Co. Durham.
Nicholas Cox, Mynydd Isa, Flints.
Wendy O'Donnell, Derby
Allan Blakey, Currock, Cumberland.
Robert Wigg, Aldeburgh, Suffolk.
Susan Bray, Sturton-by-Stow, Lincs.
Phillippa Gosling, Worksop.
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Angela Towndraw, Dunnington, Yorks.
Tony Maher, Netherton, Worcs.
Stephen Harris, Jacobstow, Bude, Cornwall
Jennifer Gough, Herne Bay, Kent.
Philip R Williams, Rhoaddu, Wrexham.
L. Ashcroft, Barrow-in-Furness.
C. Pascoe, Hayle, Cornwall.
Margaret Davidson, Winsford, Cheshire
Raymond Hewitt, Nuneaton, Warwickshire
Susan Tutt, Winsford, Cheshire
Trevor Holyroyd, Rotherham, Yorks.
Karen Salewski, London, N.W.6.
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THIS DECISION IS FINAL AND NO CORRESPONDENCE CAN BE ENTERED INTO IN RESPECT OF THE COMPETITION

DR. NOLAN'S TeleVarsity

CAPTAIN PETE

THERE was a stunned silence in the Big Hall. Pete, the PT robot, had been elected Captain of the School! This was Bully Grogan's fault. Grogan had wanted to be Captain himself, he had placed a magnet alongside the electronic brain to upset its works. The result was that the brain had elected the robot!

"Crumbs!" said Bodger. "Fancy having old Pete as Captain!"

"He'll have to wear a cap and jacket," muttered Boodle.

Dr. Nolan was as bewildered as the boys, but he was convinced that the brain must be right. He was also rather flattered, the PT robot being his own invention.

"Very well, boys," he beamed. "We now have our new captain. I trust you will obey his orders." Then he blinked rapidly. It was just occurring to him that the robot had never issued an order in his life.

This was soon remedied. That afternoon Dr. Nolan phoned Grantham, the engineer, and Pete was hurriedly removed to Grantham's workshop.

"We'll have to give him a voice and new programme," Grantham said. "I've got just the tape for it. It was recorded by a Sergeant Major of the Guards."

"Excellent," said Dr. Nolan. "But don't forget he must have a cap and jacket. He must conform to the rules."

When Pete returned from the workshop, his grin was as broad as ever. In addition, he wore a college cap and jacket.

"Comp'ny—Shun!" he roared.

Hurriedly, the boys stood to attention, the Third, Fourth and Fifth Forms in their own groups.

Dr. Nolan was delighted. That morning, there was to be a visit from Sir John, one of the College Governors, and Dr. Nolan wanted all the boys to look smart.

By the time Pete had finished with them, they looked as though they could have murdered him. This would have been difficult, of course, for Pete was only a mechanical robot. But perspiration was streaming from them, and they were not pleased when they saw Sir John.

"My dear Sir John," Dr. Nolan said. "Welcome to Televarsity."

"Ha!" snorted Sir John. "This is a great improvement."

Sir John was short and fat, with a very red face and a great opinion of himself. He was very pleased to find all the boys standing to attention to greet him.

"Who is this?" he demanded, waggling his cane at Pete.

"Er—this is our new Captain," said Dr. Nolan.

Pete's radar focused on Sir John. Sir John had not been included in his new 'programme'. As far as Pete was concerned, Sir John was not standing to attention.

"Whak-whak!" he said, sounding like a dog barking.

As Sir John did not understand this, Pete endeavoured to make his meaning clear. He took Sir John's cane away, bashed his hat on straight, and pushed him into the ranks.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Dr. Nolan looking shocked.

"N-Nolan," spluttered Sir John, "what is the meaning of this?"

Dr. Nolan tried to put things right by pressing some of Pete's buttons. But Pete's new programme did not permit this sort of thing. Saying a few words like a Sergeant-Major, he pushed Dr. Nolan into line as well. Then, roaring orders, he marched his three platoons round the grounds. Dr. Nolan and Sir John staggered along with the boys.

"Really, Sir John," Dr. Nolan gasped. "I must apologize. I did not think . . ."

"Don't trouble!" hooted Sir John. "This is an outrage. I insist on making an investigation. If this is what happens here, I . . ."

"Comp'ny — Shun!" roared Pete.

Dr. Nolan and Sir John hurriedly stood to attention. They had been pushed about enough. Until Pete dismissed the whole company, they had to do as they were told, after which Sir John took off his bowler hat and jumped on it.

"Now, sir!" he raved. "I demand an explanation."

Dr. Nolan did his best to give him one. He told Sir John how Pete had been "elected" Captain, and how everybody had to conform to the rules. But Sir John was annoyed about it.

"Rules! Bah!" he shouted. "I'm going to make some rules of my own."

Quite a lot of fellows were in agreement with Sir John, particularly Kane and Grogan. The two bullies had had more exercise than they had ever had before, and they did not like it.

"Groogh!" said Grogan, as he staggered away after being dismissed. "I hope Sir John alters things."

"I hope he doesn't," grinned Tom Ranger. "You chaps have been given what you need."

"So has Sir John," groaned Bodger. "Only I don't know how Pete got himself elected."

Bully Grogan gulped. The mystery was no mystery to Bully. It was his magnet that had caused the trouble. But what could he do about it now?

That night, Kane was startled when Bully climbed out of bed.

"Quiet!" Bully snapped, as Kane jumped. "I'm going to get that magnet."

"What—what good will that do?" gulped Kane.

"We're going to have a new election," Bully growled. "I'm fed up with Pete as Captain. Are you going to give me a hand?"

Kane scrambled out of bed as well.

"All right, B-b-bully," he stuttered. "W-w-what do you want me to do?"

Bully led the way down to the Big Hall. It was here that the Brain was located, on the platform at the end, and Bully's object was clear. When the magnet had been removed, he could demand a fresh election!

In the darkness, the two boys crept towards the platform. Bully had a torch with him and he switched it on. The beam flickered over the console. The magnet Bully had placed there was hidden in a groove, and Bully snatched it up as soon as he saw it.

"Now—" he began, but at that moment there was a startling interruption.

"Comp'ny—Shun!" roared a Sergeant-Major's voice.

Pete was on guard! It was all part of his new duties. The PT robot rumbled out of the darkness, frightening Kane and Grogan almost out of their wits. Bully dropped his torch as well as the magnet, both boys fleeing for their lives.

"Halt! Who goes there?" Pete roared.

Neither Kane nor Grogan stopped to tell him. Tearing out into the corridor, they headed at full speed back to the dormitory, Pete rumbling rapidly in pursuit.

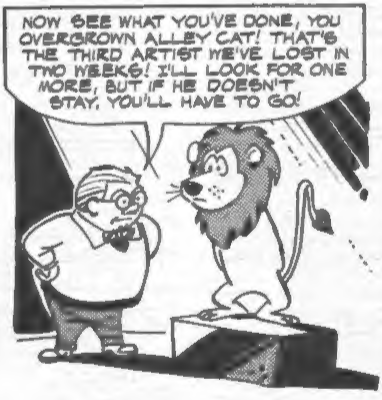
More laughs with Pete, next week

THE TELEGOONS

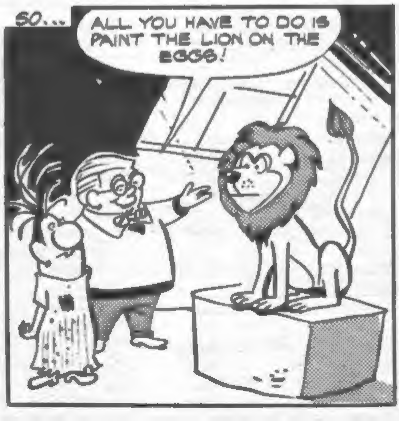
IN

ECCLES THE 'LION-ART'

"MY NAME IS NEDDIE SEASOON, MANAGER OF THE GOONSHIRE EGG PACKING STATION...
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? THIS IS THE FIRST EGG TO COME THROUGH IN TWENTY MINUTES!
ON
OFF


NOW SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE, YOU OVERGROWN ALLEY CAT! THAT'S THE THIRD ARTIST WE'VE LOST IN TWO WEEKS! I'LL LOOK FOR ONE MORE, BUT IF HE DOESN'T STAY, YOU'LL HAVE TO GO!

DA... YEAH! WHAT SORT OF LINES D'YOU WANT? STRAIGHT LINES? WRIGGLY LINES?
NOT LINES, YOU IDIOT, LIONS! I CAN OFFER YOU A JOB. 1/6D PER WEEK AND AS MANY EGGS AS YOU CAN EAT!



DAT LION! HUM... HE TRIED TO EAT ME! I'M OFF!
COME BACK, ECCLES!
LOOK, WHAT YOU'VE DONE! FRIGHTENED ANOTHER ARTIST!
SORRY, GUV, BUT I GOT BORED AND YAWNED!
YAWN!
THIS LION'S MORE TROUBLE THAN HE'S WORTH. IN FUTURE WE'LL PUT THE LION ON WITH A RUBBER STAMP!
A RUBBER STAMP! I'VE NEVER BEEN SO INSULTED! YOU'LL BE HEARING FROM THE LIONS' UNION ABOUT THIS! GOOD DAY!
LATER...
OKAY, ECCLES, START STAMPING!
STOP!
THIS IS HOPELESS, AND WE HAVEN'T EVEN GOT A LION TO POSE NOW!
BUT WAIT—I HAVE AN IDEA! I'LL GET BLUEBOTTLE TO COME BACK RIGHT AWAY!
SO...
THERE WE ARE, BLUEBOTTLE! DO YOUR STUFF!
JUST LIKE THE REAL THING. OUR CUSTOMERS WILL NEVER NOTICE THE DIFFERENCE...
...OR WILL THEY?

More goonish laughs next week!

WHEN the riverboat to Candy Springs is shipwrecked by a water spout, the Milky Bar Kid and the blind gunman, Black Judd, are swept overboard . . .

Will Judd make good his escape? See next week's story!